

*Vae, Vae, Vae, quanta sunt tenebrae?*

Woe, Woe, Woe, How grete both these darknesse? Woe alsoe for sinne of deede. Thou hast bene proude; thy pryde shull bee drawne to Hell, as *Esay* saith, or thou hast bene brent with Envie, Or thou hast bestirred with wrath, and everich mon that beareth wrath to his brethren is guiltie in dome, as Christ saith in the Gospel of *Matthew*. Or thou bee slow to good deedes, myslawe shull come to thee as a wayfaring mon, and thy povertie as a mon armed, as the Booke of *Proverbs* saith. Or thou hast haunted lechery, gluttony, or covetise. That forsooth were yee, that everich avouterer, or uncleane mon, that is a glutton, other chynch, shull never have Heritage in the Realm of Christ and of God, as *Paul* saith. But Fyre, Brymstone, and the Spirit of Tempestes, that is, the Fiend of Hell shullen bee a partie of their paiene, as it ywritten in the *Psaulter*, when these damned men bee in this woe, they shullen sing this rueful Song that is ywritten in the Booke of Mourne: The joy of our hert is a go: Our quiete is turned into woe, the Crowne of our heed is fallen us fro. Alas for sinne that wee have do. But Joy and Joy, and Joy to hem that bee saved. Joy in God, Joy in himselfe, Joy in other that ben saved. Also Joy for ther travaile is brought to so gracious an end. Joy, for they scape the paine of Hell; Joy, of their blisse that they han in the sight of God, *Cui sit honor & gloria, in secula seculorum, Amen.*

FINIS

Rich. Alderfer  
pr: i. 8<sup>h</sup> 6

A

# PARAPHRASE

On PART of the  
B O O K of *J O B.*

---

By *E. T O U N G, LL. B.*

Fellow of *All-Soul's College, Oxon.*

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*The* SECOND EDITION.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakespear's-Head*  
over-against *Katharine-street* in the *Strand.*  
M DCC XIX.

# PARAPHRASE

On PART of the

BOOK of JOB

By F. TOUNG

Fellow of All-Souls College, Oxon.

THE SECOND EDITION

(

LONDON

Printed for J. and W. T. at the University Press

and for J. and W. T. at the University Press

MDCCLXIX





To the Right Honourable

*THOMAS* Lord *PARKER*,

Baron of *Macclesfield*, Lord High-Chancellor of *Great Britain*, &c.

*My LORD,*



HOUGH I have not the Honour of being known to Your Lordship, I presume to take a Privilege which Men of Retirement are apt to think themselves in



## DEDICATION.

Possession of, as being the only Method they have of making their Way to Persons of Your Lordship's high Station without struggling through Multitudes for Access. I may possibly fail in my Respect to Your Lordship, even while I endeavour to shew it most; but if I Err, it is because I imagined I ought not to make my first Approach to one of Your Lordship's exalted Character with less Ceremony than that of a Dedication. It is annexed to the Condition of eminent Merit, not to suffer more from the Malice of its Enemies, than from the Importunity of its Admirers; and perhaps it would be unjust, that Your Lordship should hope to be exempted from the Troubles, when You possess all the Talents of a Patron.

I

## DEDICATION.

I have here a fair Occasion to celebrate those sublime Qualities, of which a whole Nation is sensible, were it not inconsistent with the Design of my present Application. By the just Discharge of Your great Employments, Your Lordship may well deserve the Prayers of the Distressed, the Thanks of Your Country, and the Approbation of Your Royal Master: This indeed is a Reason why every good *Briton* should applaud Your Lordship, but it is equally a Reason why None should disturb You in the Execution of your important Affairs, by Works of Fancy and Amusement. I was therefore induced to make this Address to Your Lordship, by considering You rather in the amiable Light of

## DEDICATION.

a Person distinguished for a refined Taste of the polite Arts, and the Candor that usually attends it, than in the Dignity of Your publick Character.

The Greatness, and Solemnity of the Subjects, treated of in the following Work, cannot fail in some Measure to recommend it to a Person who holds in the utmost Veneration those sacred Books from which it is taken; and would at the same Time justify to the World my Choice of the great Name prefixed to it, could I be assured that the Undertaking had not suffered in my Hands. Thus much I think my self obliged to say, that if this little Performance had not been very indulgently spoken of by some whose Judgment is universally  
allowed



## DEDICATION.

allowed in Writings of this Nature, I had not dared to gratifie my Ambition in offering it to Your Lordship. I am sensible that I am endeavouring to excuse one Vanity by another; but I hope I shall meet with Pardon for it, since it is visibly intended to shew the great Submission and Respect with which I am,

*My LORD,*

*Your Lordship's most Obedient,*

*and most Humble Servant,*

EDWARD YOUNG.

W. E. D. 104.

of the in Whittier of the I had  
not been to give the my Ambition in offer-  
ing it to you I should. I am sensible  
that I am endeavoring to create one in  
any by another; but I hope I shall meet  
with pardon for it, since it is visibly inter-  
ested to show the great influence and the  
good with which I am

W. E. D.

For the purpose of the

and most of the

Edward



A  
P A R A P H R A S E  
O N

Part of the B o o k of *J O B*.



THrice Happy *J o b* long liv'd in Regal  
State,

Nor saw the Sumptuous East a Prince  
so Great;

Whose Worldly Stores in such Abundance flow'd,  
Whose Heart with such exalted Virtue glow'd:  
At length Misfortunes take their Turn to reign,  
And Ills on Ills, Succeed, a dreadful Train!

B

What



What now but Deaths, and Poverty, and Wrong,  
The Sword wide-wasting, the reproachful Tongue,  
And spotted Plagues that mark'd his Limbs all o'er  
So thick with Pains, they wanted Room for more?  
A Change so sad what Mortal Heart cou'd bear?  
Exhausted Woe had left Him nought to fear,  
But gave Him All to Grief: Low Earth He prest,  
Wept in the Dust, and sorely smote his Breast.  
His Friends around the deep Affliction mourn'd,  
Felt all his Pangs, and Groan for Groan return'd;  
In Anguish of their Hearts their Mantles rent,  
And Seven long Days in solemn Silence spent;  
A Debt of Reverence to Distress so great!  
Then *Job* contain'd no more, but curs'd his Fate:  
His Day of Birth, it's Inauspicious Light  
He wishes sunk in Shades of endless Night,  
And blotted from the Year; nor fears to crave  
Death, instant Death, impatient for the Grave;

That

That Seat of Peace, that Mansion of Repose,  
Where Rest and Mortals are no longer Foes;  
Where Councillours are Hush'd, and Mighty Kings,  
O happy Turn! no more are Wretched Things.

His Words were daring, and displeas'd his Friends;  
His Conduct They reprove, and He defends;  
And now They kindled into warm Debate,  
And Sentiments oppos'd with equal Heat;  
Fixt in Opinion, Both refuse to yield,  
And summon all their Reason to the Field.  
So high at length their Arguments were wrought,  
They reach'd the last Extent of Human Thought:  
A Pause ensu'd. When lo! Heaven interpos'd,  
And awfully the long Contention clos'd.  
Full o'er their Heads, with terrible Surprize  
A Sudden Whirlwind blacken'd all the Skies;  
(They Saw, and Trembled!) from the Darkness broke  
A dreadful Voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.

Who gives his Tongue a Loose so bold and vain,  
Cenfures my Conduct, and reproves my Reign?  
Lifts up his Thought againft Me from the Duft,  
And tells the World's Creator what is Juft?  
Of late fo brave, now lift a dauntlefs Eye,  
Face my Demand, and give it a Reply.  
Where didft Thou dwell at Nature's early Birth?  
Who laid Foundations for the fpacious *Earth*?  
Who on its Surface did extend the Line,  
Its Form determine, and its Bulk confine?  
Who fix'd the Corner Stone? What Hand, declare,  
Hung it on Nought, and faften'd it in Air?  
When the bright Morning Stars in Confort fung,  
When Heaven's high Arch with loud Hofanna's rung,  
When shouting Sons of God the Triumph Crown'd,  
And the wide Concave thunder'd with the Sound.

Earth's numerous *Kingdoms*, haft Thou view'd them all?  
And can thy Span of Knowledge grasp the Ball?

Who



Who heav'd the *Mountain*, which sublimely stands,  
And casts its Shadow into distant Lands?

Who stretching forth his Scepter o'er the *Deep*  
Can that wild World in due Subjection keep?  
I broke the Globe, I scoop'd its hollow'd Side,  
And did a Bason for the Floods provide;  
I chain them with my Word; the boyling Sea  
Work'd up in Tempests hears my great Decree;  
" Thus far, nor farther, be thy Tide convey'd;  
" And Here, O Sea, shall thy proud Waves be stay'd.

Hast Thou explor'd the *Secrets* of the Deep,  
Where, shut from Use, unnumber'd Treasures sleep;  
Where down a Thousand Fathoms from the Day,  
Springs the great Fountain, Mother of the Sea?  
Those gloomy Paths did thy bold Foot e'er tread,  
Whole Worlds of Waters rowling o'er thy Head?

Hath

Hath the cleft *Centre* open'd wide to Thee?  
 Death's inmost Chambers didst Thou ever see?  
 E'er knock at his tremendous Gate, and wade  
 To the black Portal through th'incumbent Shade?  
 Deep are those Shades, but deeper They that hide  
 My Counfels from the Ken of human Pride.

Where dwells the *Light*, in what refulgent Dome?  
 And where has *Darkness* made her dismal Home?  
 Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large Heart is fraught  
 With ripen'd Wisdom through long Ages brought,  
 Since Nature was call'd forth when Thou wa'st by,  
 And into Being rose beneath thine Eye.

Are *Mists* begotten? Who their Father knew?  
 From whom descend the pearly Drops of *Dew*?  
 To bind the Stream by Night what Hand can boast,  
 Or whiten Morning with the hoary *Frost*?

Whose

Whose powerful Breath, from Northern Regions blown,  
Touches the Sea, and turns it into Stone,  
A sudden Defart spreads o'er Realms defac'd,  
And lays one half of the Creation waste?

Thou know'st Me not, thy Blindness cannot see  
How vast a Distance parts thy God from Thee;  
Canst Thou in *Whirlwinds* mount aloft, canst Thou  
In Clouds, and Darkness wrap thy awful Brow?  
And, when Day triumphs in meridian Light,  
Put forth thy Hand, and shade the World with Night?

Who launch'd the *Clouds* in Air, and bid them rowle  
Suspended Seas aloft, from Pole to Pole?  
Who can refresh the burning sandy Plain,  
And quench the Summer with a Waste of Rain?  
Who in rough Defarts, far from Human Toil,  
Make Rocks bring forth, and Desolation smile?

There



There blooms the Rose, where human Face ne'er thone,  
And spreads its Beauties to the Sun alone.

To check the Show'r who lifts his Hand on high,  
And shuts the Sluces of th' exhausted Sky,  
When Earth no longer mourns her gaping Veins,  
Her naked Mountains, and her russet Plains,  
But new in Life a chearful Prospect yields  
Of shining Rivers, and of verdant Fields,  
When Groves and Forests lavish all their Bloom,  
And Earth, and Heav'n are fill'd with rich Perfume?

Ha'st Thou e'er scal'd my wint'ry Skies, and seen,  
Of *Hails*, and *Snows* my Northern Magazine?  
These the dread Treasures of mine Anger are,  
My Fund of Vengeance, for the Day of War,  
When Clouds rain Death, and Storms, at my Command,  
Rage through the World, or waste a guilty Land.

Who

Who taught the rapid *Winds* to fly so fast,  
Or shakes the Centre with his Eastern Blast?  
Who from the Skies can a whole Deluge pour?  
Who strikes thro' Nature with the solemn Roar  
Of dreadful *Thunder*? points it where to fall,  
And in fierce *Lightning* wraps the flying Ball?  
Not He who trembles at the darted Fires,  
Falls at the Sound, and in the Flash expires.

Who drew the *Comet* out to such a Size,  
And pour'd his flaming Train o'er half the Skies?  
Did thy Resentment hang Him out? does He  
Glare on the Nations, and Denounce from Thee?

Who on low Earth can moderate the Rein,  
That guides the Stars along th' Etherial Plain;  
Appoint their Seasons, and direct their Course,  
Their Lustre brighten, and supply their Force?

C

Canst

Canst thou the Skie's Benevolence restrain,  
And cause the *Pleiades* to shine in vain?  
Or, when *Orion* sparkles from his Sphere,  
Thaw the cold Season, and unbind the Year?  
Bid *Mazoroth* his destin'd Station know,  
And teach the bright *Arcturus* where to glow?  
Mine is the *Night*, with all her Stars; I pour  
Myriads, and Myriads I reserve in Store.

Do'st Thou pronounce where Day-light shall be born,  
And draw the Curtain of the Purple Morn;  
Awake the *Sun*, and bid Him come away,  
And glad Thy World with his Obsequious Ray?  
Hast Thou, enthron'd in flaming Glory, Driv'n  
Triumphant round the spacious Ring of Heav'n?  
That Pomp of Light, what Hand so far displays,  
That distant Earth lyes basking in the Blaze?

Who



Who did the *Soul* with her rich Pow'rs invest,  
And light up Reason in the Human Breast,  
To shine, with fresh Increase of Lustre, Bright,  
When Stars and Sun are set in endless Night?  
To these my various Questions make Reply.

Th' Almighty spoke, and speaking shook the Sky.

What then, *Chaldean* Sire, was thy Surprise?  
Thus Thou, with trembling Heart, and down-cast Eyes,  
“ Once and again, which I in Groans deplore,  
“ My Tongue has err'd, but shall presume no more:  
“ My Voice is in eternal Silence bound,  
“ And all my Soul falls prostrate to the Ground.

He ceas'd: When loe! again th' Almighty spoke;  
The same dread Voice from the black Whirlwind broke.

Can that Arm measure with an Arm divine?  
And canst Thou thunder with a Voice like Mine?  
Or in the Hollow of thy Hand contain  
The Bulk of Waters, the wide-spreading Main;  
When mad with Tempests all the Billows rise  
In all their Rage, and dash the distant Skies?

Come forth in Beauty's Excellence array'd,  
And be the Grandeur of thy Pow'r display'd;  
Put on Omnipotence, and frowning make  
The spacious Round of the Creation shake;  
Dispatch thy Vengeance, bid it overthrow  
Triumphant Vice, lay lofty Tyrants low,  
And crumble them to Dust: when This is done,  
I grant thy Safety lodg'd in Thee alone;  
Of Thee Thou art, and may'st undaunted stand,  
Behind the Buckler of thy own Right Hand.

Fond

Fond Man! the Vision of a Moment made!  
Dream of a Dream! and Shadow of a Shade!  
What Worlds hast Thou produc'd, what Creatures fram'd,  
What Insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?  
When pain'd with Hunger the wild *Ravens* Brood  
Calls upon God importunate for Food,  
Who hears their Cry, who grants their hoarse Request,  
And stills the Clamour of the craving Nest?

Who in the cruel *Ostrich* has subdu'd  
A Parent's Care, and fond Inquietude?  
While far She flies, her scatter'd Eggs are found,  
Without an Owner, on the sandy Ground;  
Cast out on Fortune, they at Mercy lye,  
And borrow Life from an indulgent Sky;  
Adopted by the Sun, in Blaze of Day,  
They ripen under his prolific Ray;

Unmind'



Unmindful She, that some unhappy Tread  
May crush her Young, in their neglected Bed;  
What time She skims along the Field with Speed,  
She scorns the Rider, and pursuing Steed.

How rich the *Peacock*? what bright Glories run  
From Plume to Plume, and vary in the Sun?  
He proudly spreads them to the golden Ray,  
Gives all his Colours, and adorns the Day,  
With conscious State the spacious Round displays,  
And slowly moves amid the waving Blaze.

Who taught the *Hawk* to find, in Seasons wise,  
Perpetual Summer, and a Change of Skies?  
When Clouds deform the Year, She mounts the Wind,  
Shoots to the South, nor fears the Storm behind;  
The Sun returning, She returns agen,  
Lives in his Beams, and leaves ill Days to Men.

Tho'

Tho' strong the Hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly,  
An *Eagle* drops her in a lower Sky;  
An *Eagle*, when deserting Human Sight,  
She seeks the Sun in her unweary'd Flight:  
Did thy Command her yellow Pinion lift  
So high in Air, and seat Her on the Clift,  
Where far above Thy World She dwells Alone,  
And proudly makes the Strength of Rocks her own;  
Thence wide o'er Nature takes her dread Survey,  
And with a Glance predestinates her Prey;  
She feasts her Young with Blood, and hov'ring o'er  
Th' unslaughter'd Host, enjoys the promis'd Gore.

Know'st Thou how many Moons, by Me assign'd,  
Rowle o'er the Mountain *Goat*, and Forest *Hind*,  
While pregnant they a Mother's Load sustain?  
They bend in Anguish, and cast forth their Pain.

Hale are their Young, from Human Frailties free'd,  
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted Feed;  
They live at once, forsake the Dam's warm Side,  
Take the wide World, with Nature for their Guide,  
Bound o'er the Lawn, or seek the distant Glade,  
And find a Home in each delightful Shade.

Will the Tall *Reem*, which knows no Lord but Me,  
Lowe at the Crib, and ask an Alms of Thee?  
Submit his unworn Shoulder to the Yoke,  
Break the stiff Clod, and o'er thy Furrow smoak?  
Since great his Strength, go trust Him, void of Care,  
Lay on his Neck the Toil of all the Year,  
Bid Him bring home the Seasons to thy Doors,  
And cast his Load among thy gather'd Stores.

Didst Thou from Service the *Wild-Ass* discharge,  
And break his Bonds, and bid Him live at large,

Through



Through the wide Waste, his ample Mansion, roam,  
And lose Himself in his Unbounded Home?  
By Nature's Hand magnificently fed,  
His Meal is on the Range of Mountains spread;  
As in pure Air aloft He bounds along,  
He sees in distant Smoak the City throng,  
Conscious of Freedom, scorns the smother'd Train,  
The threat'ning Driver, and the servile Rein.

Survey the warlike *Horse!* didst Thou invest  
With Thunder his robust distended Chest?  
No Sense of Fear his dauntless Soul allays;  
'Tis dreadful to behold his Nostril Blaze;  
To paw the Vale He proudly takes Delight,  
And triumphs in the Fullness of his Might;  
High-rais'd he snuffs the Battel from afar,  
And burns to plunge amid the raging War,

And

D

And

And mocks at Death, and throws his Foam around,  
And in a Storm of Fury shakes the Ground:  
How does his firm his rising Heart advance  
Full on the brandish'd Sword, and shaken Launce,  
While his fixt Eye-balls meet the dazling Shield,  
Gaze, and return the Lightning of the Field?  
He sinks the Sense of Pain in gen'rous Pride,  
Nor feels the Shaft that trembles in his Side,  
But neighs to the shrill Trumpet's dreadful Blast  
'Till Death; and when He Groans, He Groans his last.

But fiercer still the Lordly *Lion* stalks,  
Grimly Majestick in his lonely Walks;  
When round He Glares, All living Creatures fly,  
He clears the Defart with his rowling Eye:  
Say, Mortal, does He rouse at thy Command,  
And roar to Thee, and live upon thy Hand?

Do'st

Do'st Thou for Him in Forests bend thy Bow,  
And to his gloomy Den the Morsel throw,  
Where bent on Death lye hid his tawny Brood,  
And couch'd in dreadful Ambush pant for Blood;  
Or stretch'd on broken Limbs, consume the Day  
In Darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their Prey?  
By the pale Moon They take their destin'd Round,  
And lash their Sides, and furious tear the Ground:  
Now Shrieks, and dying Groans the Desert fill;  
They rage, they rend, their ravenous Jaws distill  
With crimson Foam; and when the Banquet's o'er  
They stride away, and paint their Steps with Gore;  
In Flight alone the Shepherd puts his Trust,  
And shudders at the Talon in the Dust.

Mild is my *Behemoth*, tho' large his Frame,  
Smooth is his Temper, and repress his Flame,



While unprovok'd: This Native of the Flood  
Lifts his broad Foot, and puts a-shore for Food;  
Earth sinks beneath Him as He moves along  
To seek the Herds, and mingle with the Throng;  
See, with what Strength his harden'd Loyns are bound,  
All over Proof, and shut against a Wound;  
How like a Mountain Cedar moves his Tail,  
Nor can his complicated Sinews fail:  
Built high and wide, his solid Bones surpass  
The Bars of Steel, his Ribs are Ribs of Brass;  
His Port Majestick, and his armed Jaw,  
Give the wide Forest, and the Mountain Law;  
The Mountains feed Him; there the Beasts admire  
The mighty Stranger, and in Dread retire;  
At length his Greatness nearer They survey,  
Graze in his Shadow, and his Eye obey:  
The Fens and Marshes are his cool Retreat,  
His Noon-tide Shelter from the burning Heat;

Their

Their sedgy Bosoms his wide Couch are made,  
And Groves of Willows give Him all their Shade:  
His Eye drinks *Jordan* up, when fir'd with Drought  
He trusts to turn its Current down his Throat;  
In lessen'd Waves it creeps along the Plain,  
He sinks a River, and He thirsts again.

Go to the *Nile*, and from its fruitful Side,  
Cast forth thy Line into the swelling Tide,  
With slender Hair *Leviathan* command,  
And stretch his Vastness on the loaded Strand:  
Will He become thy Servant, will He own  
Thy Lordly Nod, and tremble at Thy Frown,  
Or with his Sport amuse thy leisure Day,  
And bound in Silk with thy soft Maidens play?

Shall pompous Banquets swell with such a Prize,  
And the Bowl journey round his ample Size?

Or

Or the debating Merchants share the Prey,  
And various Limbs to various Marts convey?  
Through his firm Skull what Steel its Way can win?  
What forceful Engine can subdue his Skin?  
Fly far, and live; Tempt not his matchless Might;  
The Bravest shrink to Cowards in his Sight,  
The Rashest dare not rouse Him up; Who then  
Shall turn on Me, among the Sons of Men?

Am I a Debtor? hast Thou ever heard  
Whence come the Gifts which are on Me conferr'd?  
My lavish Fruit a thousand Vallies fills,  
And Mine the Herds, that graze a thousand Hills;  
Earth, Sea, and Air, All Nature is my own,  
And Stars, and Sun are Dust beneath my Throne;  
And dar'st Thou with the World's great Father vye,  
Thou, who do'st tremble at my Creature's Eye?

At



At full my huge Leviathan shall rise,  
Boast all his Strength, and spread his wond'rous Size.

Who, great in Arms, e'er strip'd his shining Mail,  
Or crown'd his Triumph with a single Scale?  
Whose Heart sustains Him to draw near? behold  
Destruction yawns, his spacious Jaws unfold,  
And, marshal'd round the wide Expanse, disclose  
Teeth edg'd with Death, and crowding Rows on Rows:  
What hideous Fangs on either Side arise,  
And what a deep Abyss between them lyes?  
Metre with thy Lance, and with thy Plummetsound,  
The One how long, the Other how profound.

His Bulk is charg'd with such a furious Soul,  
Thick Clouds of Smoak from his spread Nostrils rowle  
As from a Furnace; and, when rous'd his Ire,  
Fate issues from his Jaws in Streams of Fire:

The

The Rage of Tempests, and the Roar of Seas,  
Thy Terror, this thy great Superior please;  
Strength on his ample Shoulder sits in State,  
His well-join'd Limbs are dreadfully compleat,  
His Flakes of solid Flesh are flow to part,  
As Steel his Nerves, as Adamant his Heart.

When late-awak'd He rears him from the Floods,  
And stretching forth his Stature to the Clouds,  
Writhes in the Sun aloft his scaly Height,  
And strikes the distant Hills with transient Light,  
Far round are fatal Damps of Terror spread,  
The Mighty fear, nor blush to own their Dread.

Large is his Front; and when his burnish'd Eyes  
Lift their broad Lids, the Morning seems to rise.

In vain may Death in various Shapes invade,  
The swift-wing'd Arrow, the descending Blade;

His

His naked Breast their Impotence defies,  
The Dart rebounds, the brittle Fauchion flies:  
Shut in Himself, the War without He hears,  
Safe in the Tempest of their rattling Spears;  
The cumber'd Strand their wasted Vollies strow,  
His Sport, the Rage and Labour of the Foe.

His Pastimes like a Caldron boyl the Flood,  
And blacken Ocean with the rising Mud;  
The Billows Feel Him, as He works his Way;  
His hoary Footsteps shine along the Sea;  
The Foam high-wrought with White divides the Green,  
And distant Sailors point where Death has been.

His Like Earth bears not on her spacious Face,  
Alone in Nature stands his dauntless Race,  
For utter Ignorance of Fear renown'd:  
In Wrath He rowls his baleful Eye around,

E

Makes



Makes every swoln disdainful Heart subside,  
And holds Dominion o'er the Sons of Pride.

Then the *Chaldean* eas'd his lab'ring Breast,  
With full Conviction of his Crime oppress'd.

- “ Thou canst accomplish All Things, Lord of Might!  
“ And every Thought is naked to thy Sight:  
“ But oh! Thy Ways are wonderful, and lye  
“ Beyond the deepest Reach of Mortal Eye.  
“ Oft have I heard of thine Almighty Pow'r;  
“ But never saw Thee 'till this dreadful Hour;  
“ O'erwhelm'd with Shame, the Lord of Life I see,  
“ Abhor my self, and give my Soul to Thee:  
“ Nor shall my Weakness tempt Thine Anger more:  
“ Man was not made to Question, but Adore.

NOTES.

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# NOTES.

**I**T is disputed among the Criticks who was the Author of the Book of *Job*; some give it to *Moses*, some to others. As I was engaged in this little Performance, some Arguments occurred to me which favour the former of these Opinions; and because I do not find them mentioned by any one else, I have flung them into the following Notes, where little else is to be expected.

Page 1. *Thrice Happy Job*, &c.] The Almighty's Speech, Chapter 38, &c. which is what I Paraphrase in this little Work, is by much the finest part of the noblest, and most antient Poem in the World. Bishop *Patrick* says its Grandeur is as much above all other Poetry, as Thunder is louder than a Whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the Poem in a fuller Light, and give the Reader a clearer Conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent Parts of the Poem and joined them to it; so that this Piece is a sort of an Epitome of the whole Book of *Job*.

I use the Word *Paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon Liberties I have taken. I have Omitted, Added, and Transposed. The Verses upon the *Mountain*, the *Comet*, the *Sun*, and other Parts, are entirely added: Those upon the *Peacock*, the *Lion*, &c. are much enlarged: And I have thrown the whole into a Method more suitable to our Notions of Regularity. The Judicious, if they compare this Piece with the Original, will, I flatter my self, find the Reasons for the great Liberties I have indulged my self in through the whole.

*Longinus* has a Chapter on Interrogations, which shows that they contribute much to the Sublime. This Speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems indeed the proper Style of Majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of Reproof, as bidding a Person Execute himself, does from

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a common Execution; for he that asks the Guilty a proper Question, makes him, in effect, pass Sentence on himself.

Page 3. ——— *From the Darkneſs broke  
A dreadful Voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke.*] The Book of *Job* is well known to be Dramatick, and like the Tragedies of old *Greece*, is by ſome ſuppoſed to be a Fiction built on Truth. Probably this moſt Noble Part of it, the Almighty ſpeaking out of the Whirlwind (ſo ſuitable to the After-practice of the *Greek Stage*, when there happen'd *Dignus Vindice Nodus*) is Fictitious; but it is a Fiction more agreeable to the time in which *Job* liv'd, than to any ſince. Frequent before the Law were the Appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exodus* c. 19. Hence is He ſaid to dwell in thick Darkneſs: And have his way in the Whirlwind.

Page 5. *Thus far, nor farther, &c.*] There is a very great Air in all that precedes, but this is ſignally Sublime. We are ſtruck with Admiration to ſee the Vaſt and Ungovernable Ocean receiving Commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a manag'd Horſe raging, toſſing, and foaming, but by the Rule, and Direction of its Maſter. This Paſſage yields in Sublimity to that of *Let there be Light, &c.* ſo much only, as the Abſolute Government of Nature yields to the Creation of it.

The like Spirit in theſe two Paſſages is no bad concurrent Argument, that *Moses* is Author of the Book of *Job*.

Page 13. *When pinch'd with Hunger, the wild Raven's Brood, &c.*] Another Argument that *Moses* was the Author, is, that moſt of the Creatures here mention'd are *Egyptian*. The Reaſon given why the Raven is particularly mention'd as an Object of the Care of Providence, is, becauſe by her clamorous and importunate Voice, ſhe particularly ſeems always calling upon it; thence *ῥοπαῶν ἀ ῥοπαῖ* is to aſk earneſtly. And ſince there were Ravens on the Banks of the *Nile* remarkably clamorous, Thoſe probably are meant in this Place.

Ælian.  
l. 2. c. 48.

Page 13. *Who in the ſtupid Oſtrich has ſubdu'd, &c.*] There are many Inſtances of this Bird's Stupidity; let two ſuffice. *Fiſt*, It covers its Head in the Reeds, and thinks it ſelf all out of Sight.

————— *Stat lumine clauſo*  
*Ridendum revoluta Caput, creditque latere*  
*Quæ non ipſa videt* —————

Claud.  
Secondly,



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*Secondly*, They that go in pursuit of them, draw the Skin of an Ostrich's Neck on one Hand, which proves a sufficient Lure to take them with the other.

They have so little Brain, that *Heliogabulus* had six hundred Heads for his Supper.

Here we may observe that our Judicious as well as Sublime Author, just touches the great Points of Distinction in each Creature, and then hastens to another. A Description is exact when you can neither *Add* any thing but what is common to another Subject, nor *Withdraw* any thing but what is peculiar to the Subject described. A *Likeness* is often lost in too much Description, as a *Meaning* in too much Illustration.

Page 14. *What time she skims along the Field, &c.*] Here is mark'd another *Peculiar Quality* of this Creature, which neither flies nor runs distinctly, but has a Motion compos'd of both, and using its Wings as Sails, makes great Speed.

*Vasta velut Lybiæ venantium vocibus Ales  
Cum premitur calidas cursu transmittit arenas,  
Inque modum Veli sinuatis flamine Pennis  
Pulverulenta volat* —————

Claud. in Eutr.

Page 14. *She scorns the Rider and pursuing Steed.*] *Xenophon* says, *Cyrus* had Horses that cou'd overtake the Goat and the Wild-As's; but none that cou'd reach this Creature. A thousand Golden Ducats, or a hundred Camels, was the stated Price of a Horse that cou'd equal their Speed.

Page 14. *How rich the Peacock, &c.*] Though this Bird is but just mention'd in my Author, I cou'd not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful Plumes (which are There shut up) into half a dozen Lines. The Circumstance I have mark'd of his opening his Plumes to the Sun is true in fact, and thought worthy a Remark by *Pliny*. *Expandit Colores adverso maxime sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. lx. c. 20.

Page 14. *Though strong the Hawk, though practis'd well to fly.*] *Thuanus* (*de Re Accip.*) mentions a Hawk that flew from *Paris* to *London* in a Night.

And the *Egyptians* in regard to its Swiftneſs made it their Symbol for the Wind; for which Reason we may suppose the Hawk, as well as the Crow above-mentioned, to have been a Bird of Note in *Egypt*.

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Page 15. *Thence wide o'er Nature takes her dread Survey, &c.*] The Eagle is said to be of so acute a Sight, that when she is so high in Air that Man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest Fish under Water. My Author accurately understood the Nature of the Creatures he describes, and is no less a Naturalist than a Poet, which the next Note will confirm.

Page 15. *Knowest thou how many Moons by me assign'd, &c.*] The meaning of this Question is, Know'st thou the *Time and Circumstances* of their bringing forth? for to know the Time only was easie, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the Circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's Providence, which makes the Question proper in this place. *Pliny* observes, that the Hind with young is by Instinct directed to a certain Herb call'd *Seselis*, which facilitates the Birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate Hand of Providence) has the same Effect. *Pf.* 29.

Page 17. *Survey the warlike Horse, &c.*] The Description of the Horse is the most celebrated of any in the Poem. There is an excellent Critique on it in the *Guardians*. I shall therefore only need to observe that in this Description, as in other Parts of this Speech, our *Vulgar Translation* has much more Spirit than the Septuagint; it always takes the Original in the most Poetical and exalted Sense, so that most Commentators, even on the *Hebrew* it self, fall beneath it.

Page 18. *By the Pale Moon they take their destin'd Round, &c.*] Pursuing their Prey by Night is true of most wild Beasts, particularly the Lion, *Pf.* 104. v. 20. The *Arabians* have One among their 500 Names for the Lion, which signifies the Hunter by Moon-shine.

Page 21. *He sinks a River, and he thirsts again, &c.*]

*Cephisi glaciale Caput quo suctus anbelam  
Ferre sitim Python, amnemque avertere Ponto.*

*Stat. Theb. v. 349.*

*Qui spiris tegetet Montes, hauriret hiatu  
Flumina, &c.*

*Claud. Pref. in Ruf.*

Let not then this Hyperbole seem too much for an Eastern Poet, tho' some Commentators of Name strain hard in this place for a new Construction, through fear of it.

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Page 21. *Go to the Nile, and from its fruitful Side, &c.*] The taking the Crocodile is a difficult Task. *Diodorus* says they are not to be taken but by Iron Nets. When *Augustus* conquer'd *Egypt*, he struck a Medal, the Impress of which was a Crocodile chain'd to a Palma-Tree with this Inscription, *NEMO ANTEA RELIGAVIT*.

Page 22. *The rashest dare not rouse him up, &c.*] This alludes to a Custom of this Creature, which is, when fated with Fish, to come ashore and sleep among the Reeds.

Page 23. *Behold Destruction yawns, his spacious Jaws unfold, &c.*] The Crocodile's Mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, says *Pliny*, *fit totum Os*. *Martial* says to his old Woman,

*Cum comparata rictibus tuis Ora  
Niliacus habet Crocodilus angusta.*

Page 23. *Fate issues from his Jaws in Streams of Fire.*] This is nearer Truth than at first View may be imagin'd. The Crocodile, say the Naturalists, lying long under Water, and being there forced to hold its Breath, when it emerges, the Breath long repress'd is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles Fire and Smoak. The Horse suppresses not his Breath by any means so long, neither is he so Fierce and Animated; yet the most correct of Poets ventures to use the same Metaphor concerning him.

*Collectumque premens volvitur sub naribus Ignem,*

By this and the foregoing Note I wou'd caution against a false Opinion of the Eastern Boldness, from Passages in them ill understood.

Page 24. *Broad is his Front, and when his burnish'd Eyes, &c.*] *His Eyes are like the Eye-lids of the Morning.* I think this gives us as great an Image of the Thing it wou'd express, as can enter the Thought of Man. It is not improbable that the *Egyptians* stole their Hieroglyphick for the Morning, which is the Crocodile's Eye, from this Passage, though no Commentator, I have seen, mentions it. It is easie to conceive how the *Egyptians* should be both Readers, and Admirers of the Writings of *Moses*, whom I suppose the Author of this Poem.